

in prayer that this be a battlefield of the last war which will ever be fought on native Missouri or American soil". His words call to mind a speech Abe Lincoln made in 1838 to the Young Men's Lyceum in that other Springfield, Illinois: "From where", he said, "should we expect the approach of danger. Shall some transatlantic military giant step the ocean and crush us at a blow? Never! All the armies of Europe, Asia and Africa with a Bonaparte for a commander could not by force take a drink from the Ohio, or make a track on the Blue Ridge in the trial of a thousand years. No, if destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation free of men, we will live forever or die by suicide."

What a prophetic utterance—for that Illinois lawyer to make, that young but farsighted Illinois lawyer destined to help his country draw back from the brink of such suicide a quarter of a century later. By giving his own life to the rescue he confirmed the spirit he had already seeded with the appeal he made in his First Inaugural Address. "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection."

Reconciliation—the second lesson of Wilson's Creek. Missourians answered this appeal long before Appomattox. Last spring my wife and I journeyed down the Mississippi on the *Delta Queen*. Stopping at Vicksburg, we visited that historic battlefield, and particularly the monument to fallen Missourians. I had not known until then that Missouri was the only state that fielded troops on both sides in that crucial campaign. We were then given a heart-rending reminder that blood is thicker than politics. In the shadow of that graceful Missouri monument we were told by our escort that during a lull in the battle a young Confederate soldier, learning that his brother was in the opposing ranks, wrote him a letter telling him their mother was ill and in need of some money; could he help? The brother sent word, "of course", and they arranged to meet between the lines. Seeing this, their comrades on both sides laid down their rifles and met together with the dust of the day's battle hardly yet settled—in an area of no-man's-land that became known as "the trysting place". For there, during interludes in the fighting, they traded coffee, tobacco and beans, reminisced and talked of home families and mutual friends before reluctantly rising and returning of their posts.

Those of you who may have seen the Ken Burns public television documentary on the Civil War will recall, I'm sure, that poignant moment, recorded on scratchy black and white movie film in 1913, the Fiftieth Anniversary of Gettysburg. The lame, white haired old survivors of that bloodletting squared off again in reenactment of Pickett's charge. The Confederate veterans, giving their now feeble rebel yell, struggled up the incline to the Union parapets where they were met not by gunfire, but the cheers and welcoming arms of their former foes. Shedding unashamed tears, they embraced, and held one another close. Had the veterans of Wilson's Creek enjoyed a similar chance to meet, the result would surely have been the same. As it is we must assume their spirits mingle kindly together and hove approvingly over us today.

Accompanying my father at the 1961 dedication was his nine-year-old grandson, my nephew, Stuart Symington IV, now a career diplomat. Dad wanted him here to implant indelibly in his mind the significance of that joint sacrifice—just as my Mother, also at

the age of nine, had attended the dedication in 1914 of a monument at Gettysburg to her great grandfather, General James Wadsworth of New York. Wadsworth has fought in that battle and many others, against my father's granddad, Captain Stuart Symington, young aide-de-camp to General Pickett. Symington survived the war. But the 56-year-old Wadsworth was later killed at the Battle of Wilderness. His remains were returned to his widow by a young Virginia farmer whose life he has spared in an earlier encounter. Little did the two soldiers know that their families would one day be united in that ultimate reconciliation, matrimony, a union to which I have my family including nine-year-old twin grandsons, are understandably indebted.

Our born again Union and the new nation it forged has crossed many a perilous divide since the men in blue and gray stacked their arms, and returned to their homes in 1865. Two subsequent world wars preceded the 1961 commemoration my father addressed. The "passions and faults of human nature", as he said, coupled with the capacity of mankind to destroy itself, placed a grave burden on diplomacy, backed by a force no "transatlantic military giant" would ever dare confront. His focus was Soviet power and intent. Now nuclear proliferation, bio-chemical and other potential threats to our air, water, and cyberspace make today's challenges more complex, diverse, and unpredictable. They require preventative diplomacy, the maintenance of traditional alliances, the forging of new ones, state-of-the-art intelligence capability, and sufficient countermeasures to detect, deter, and, if necessary, overcome any threat that could arise within or beyond our borders. A daunting, multi-faceted challenge, but one which the heroes who contested this ground would expect us to meet cheerfully and without hesitation. And that is the third lesson of Wilson's Creek: Readiness, the wisdom to define it and the acceptance of the sacrifices necessary to maintain it.

Mr. Chairman, in conclusion I know I speak for my departed father, My brother Stuart, and all our family when I convey both our gratitude and warm congratulations to you every one of the remarkable men and women who dreamed, planned, designed, funded, promoted, lobbied, voted, and ultimately achieved this breathtaking memorial to Missouri's "high point of valor". It is an honor to be among you. And I thank you.

#### CALL FOR TOLERANCE FOR ETHNIC AMERICANS OF ARAB AND SOUTH ASIAN DESCENT

**HON. DANNY K. DAVIS**

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Friday, September 21, 2001*

Mr. DAVIS of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, as the news media reported the attacks on New York City, Washington, DC and Pennsylvania, other attacks are also being reported by Americans on Americans who want immediate revenge. I am referring to incidence of hate crimes committed against Arab Americans, South Asians and other mistakenly identified individuals.

In spite of the terrorist attacks on our country, our nation's motto has not changed; it is still "Ex Pluribus Unum!" that is, "out of many

one", or a nation representing people from around the world. The City of Chicago has a thriving community of Arab Americans who are not all Muslims. Regardless of religion, all law-abiding citizens of Chicago and other communities deserve full protection of the law against all acts of intolerance. The principle of justice for all shall remain unchanged.

Mr. Speaker, I urge the passage of any resolution addressing hate crimes within our border.

#### TRIBUTE TO DEBORAH JACOBS WELSH

**HON. JERROLD NADLER**

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Friday, September 21, 2001*

Mr. NADLER. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to one of my constituents, Deborah Jacobs Welsh. I have never had the pleasure of meeting Ms. Welsh, but because of her courage and selflessness, I am able to stand here today on the floor of the House of Representatives and honor her memory.

Debbie, as her friends and family lovingly call her, was a flight attendant on United Airlines Flight 93, which was hijacked on that fateful morning of September 11 and then crashed into a field in western Pennsylvania.

But that's only part of the story.

Debbie and others aboard Flight 93 were aware that this hijacking was part of a bigger, coordinated terrorist attack. They knew that not only were their own lives at stake, but the lives of countless people on the ground also hung in the balance. Putting aside their own safety and well-being and overcoming paralyzing fear, several passengers and crew members banded together and vowed to take back control of the plane. Anyone who knows Debbie, knows that, without a doubt, she was part of the group that fought to the end, refusing to give in to the hijackers.

Words cannot express the rollercoaster of emotions running through me on that tragic day, especially when I learned of the heroic actions of those on Flight 93 which, according to authorities, was likely headed for the Capitol Building in Washington, DC. I cannot fathom the further devastation Flight 93 would have wrought if not for Debbie and the others who made the ultimate sacrifice, all in the name of protecting their fellow Americans and our nation. Because of these courageous individuals, I stand here today unharmed, as do my colleagues, members of my staff, and hundreds of other people who work on Capitol Hill.

The bravery Debbie demonstrated in her final moments was not an isolated incident. Throughout her life, she always stood up for herself and for those around her, doing what she could to right any injustices she encountered. She could light up a room with her smile and her wonderful sense of humor. Debbie showed the same level of loyalty and concern to strangers as she did her family, routinely giving unused airline food to the homeless people in her neighborhood. Most of all, Debbie was a loving wife to Patrick, and a devoted daughter, sister, and aunt.